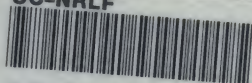


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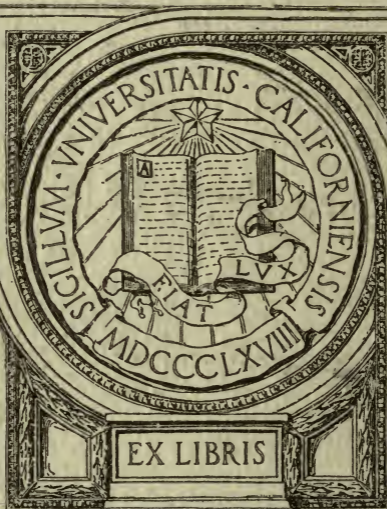


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*The following committee has
made it possible to present this
little edition to the fraternity:*

Irvin C. Louis
Harry M. Wier
Samuel H. Pardue
Erle M. Leaf
Andrew M. Strong
William P. Kelley
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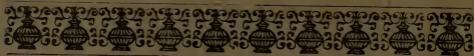
== By ==

PIERSON W. BANNING
LOS ANGELES



PRICE FIFTY CENTS

==
"Delta Chi Press"



FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

A Prefatory Word

In presenting this little offering, it is with the hope that it may be the means of creating a closer fellowship among Delta Chis the world over, and particularly those who may come to Los Angeles, and the Nineteenth Convention of the Delta Chi Fraternity in San Francisco.

It has been our aim to have representation herein from every chapter in the fraternity. Such chapters as do not have their quota have only themselves to blame, for every effort was made to obtain their co-operation. Again, lack of space is responsible for not including others. The truth of many of these stories we cannot vouch for.

Doubtless this little brochure is open to varied criticism, but if it serves its purpose and creates a warmer glow to the spark of loyalty to Delta Chi, its purpose has been attained. May it "Helpadelt."

Should anything appear herein to which exception might possibly be taken, we trust that it may be overlooked, for such we have tried to avoid. Accept it in the light intended; a smile smoulders in every page.

The Delts of Los Angeles extend to you a hearty invitation to visit them when on your way to the Convention. We feel that your visit here will never be forgotten.



"One on You"



1. While Robert B. Murphey, of Los Angeles, was attending the University, he became quite chummy with a Jewish student. Both were on friendly terms yet they spent much time in discussions. One day they were talking of the great men of their races, and as one might expect, got into a heated argument. Finally, Murphey said:

"Ikey, listen. For every great Jew you can name you can pull out one of my whiskers, and for every great Irishman I can name I'll pull out one of yours. Is it a go?"

It was agreed to. Murphey reached over, got hold of a whisker and said, "Robert Emmet," and pulled.

"Moses," said the Jew, and pulled one of Murphey's tenderest.

"Dan O'Connell," said Murphey, and took another.

"Abraham," said Ikey, helping himself again.

"Patrick Henry," returned Murphey, with a vicious yank.

"The Twelve Apostles," said the Jew, taking a handful of whiskers.

Murphey emitted a roar of pain, grasped the Jew's beard and yelled, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians."

2. William E. Simpson, the youngest member of the Legislature of California, was talking with an acquaintance one day, when he was asked:

"Do you not think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

Simpson avoided committing himself by saying, "It would depend on where the term was to be served."

3. Roy V. Rhodes, although a successful attorney, devoted sufficient time to the directing of vocal music to make a big name for himself. One day a stranger listening to him sing, asked a somewhat jealous person why it was that he always shut his eyes every time he had a high note to sing.

"Don't you know?" replied the other. "Well, it is because he is very tender-hearted."

"What's that got to do with it?" came the query.

"Everything; he simply can't bear to see how we suffer."

4. William W. Bride, an attorney, was recently visiting some friends in another city.

The youngster of the house one day said to Bride:

"Do you ever see the President?" for he knew that Bride lived in Washington.

"Yes; nearly every day," was the reply.

"And does he ever see you?" queried the inquisitive one.

5. Dudley F. Malone, according to the story going the rounds, was, following his appointment as Collector of the Port of New York, inclined to require respect shown him in his position. One day he was sitting at his desk when two men came in without removing their hats.

Malone looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said, severely, "those who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced and always remove their hats."

"Huh!" replied one of the men; "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."

6. One day, James E. Shelton was seen by a client whose excitement was intense. Shelton asked him what the trouble was, to which he replied:

"He called me a liar, a scoundrel, a coward and a thief."

"And which epithet is it you object to?" asked Shelton.

7. J. Roy Choate is an attorney. His family runs to medicine. He and his brother often get into discussions over the merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are villains," said his brother, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," replied Roy, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

8. William Jennings Bryan surprised every one the other day by announcing he had lost \$250 the night before.

"I hope that you did not lose it through speculation, chief," said his secretary, Manton Wyvell.

"No, nothing like that," said the honorable, "merely by talking in my sleep last night without an audience."

9. Ephraim Banning, a Chicago attorney, is well known in patent law and its litigation. Recently he had an unusually peculiar experience. An artist called on him wishing to get protection for his latest masterpiece. When asked by Banning to see what he had, a blank piece of canvas was displayed, which he announced was his masterpiece.

"And what does it represent?" asked Ephraim Banning.

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"I don't quite see it. Where is the Red Sea?" was Ephraim's query.

"It has been driven back," replied the artist.

"And where are the Jews?" Ephraim asked.

"They have crossed over," explained the genius.

"And the Egyptians I don't see either," said Ephraim.

"They are coming; they will be here directly. That's the sort of a painting I like; simple, suggestive and unpretentious," said the client.

10. Harry H. Barnum, a Chicago lawyer, had a client, an old codger who had to have several suits pending at one time in order to be happy. Following the death of this client, several attorneys were talking about his various proceedings. One of them said:

"The old gent had just won a case in the court, through the hard work of Barnum, when the loser in a very combative frame of mind, exclaimed:

" 'I'll law you out of the Circuit Court.' "

"The old man retorted, 'I'll be there.' "

" 'And I'll law you out of the Supreme Court,' came the rejoinder. "

" 'I'll be there, too,' again replied the old man. "

"Exasperated by the promptness with which the old man always replied, he said, 'I'll law you to h—ll!'

" 'My attorney will be there,' he snapped. "

11. One day at the County Fair, two ranchers noticed Ingle Carpenter, who wears a beard. Apparently they mistook Carpenter for some public man, for he overheard them say:

"Don't you see a great resemblance between him and Abraham Lincoln?"

"I suppose there is a resemblance," replied the other. "Every man who wears a beard thinks he looks like Lincoln, and every man who doesn't thinks he looks like Washington."

12. William McKinley, speaker of the House in Illinois, was one day coming down the State House steps, when a man drove up, got out, and said:

"Would you mind holding my horse for a minute, please?"

"Sir! I'm speaker of the House!" replied Bill.

"Never mind that; you look honest; I'll take a chance," came the reply.

13. Johnnie Kuhn, of Brooklyn, was one evening at a banquet where a well-known priest was present. Johnnie thought he would have some fun with the priest, whom he knew very well.

"Suppose, Father Dennis," he impressively remarked, "that all the priests and old Satan were to have a lawsuit, which do you think would win?"

"No question could be more easily answered," came the prompt reply of the priest. "Old Satan would win, most assuredly!"

"You don't really mean it," replied Johnnie. "Why are you so positive?"

"Because," came the smiling rejoinder of the priest, "he would have all the lawyers on his side."

14. Johnnie Hill, at one time private secretary of the chief of police of Los Angeles, was one day given charge of entertaining a Texas sheriff who had come to headquarters to get a prisoner to take back with him. There was half a day to spend before leaving for home. Johnnie decided to show him through the bad part of town. In one place they saw a number of "dips." After a few moments, Johnnie called one of the crooks to him, and said:

"See that tall man with the sombrero?"

"Yes; what about him?" he asked.

"He's a Texas bull I'm showing around and I think it would be a fine thing if you could nick him for his ticker," said Johnnie.

"Nix; you're trying to put me in bad," said the crook.

"Nothing like that; purely a joke, that's all. To show you I'm on the level, I give you my word that you won't get in trouble and I'll give you five dollars for his watch," urged Johnnie.

"Is that so?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well then, here it is."

15. They are telling the following on Clifton E. Brooks, an attorney of Oakland. One day Cliff was waiting on a corner for a car. Two men passed him, when one said to the other:

"Who is that distinguished looking man?"

"Oh! that's Clifton Brooks, founder, I think, of the movement to maintain public cuspidors at all street crossings."

16. Myron Westover, deputy city attorney of Los Angeles, tells one on himself. When he first began the practice of law, things didn't go as smoothly as might have been wished. So one day, having time to spare, he decided to go out for awhile, and placed the following card on his door:

"Will return in one hour."

Upon his return he found written under his notice:

"What for?"

17. Erle Leaf, an attorney of Los Angeles, was cross-examining a witness one day. He said to the witness:

"Don't you know the difference between a horse and a mule?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I would never take you for a horse."

18. Dave Stansbury, assistant United States district attorney of Chicago, will never forget this. One day Dave chanced to be present at an execution in Chicago. The scene was a solemn one. The sheriff, before adjusting the noose, asked the condemned man if he had anything to say.

"No," said the poor fellow, clearing his throat. "No, I don't believe there's any remark that ——"

Here Dave shouted cheerfully and eagerly from the crowd, "Say, Jake, if you haven't anything to say, I wish you'd give me about fifteen minutes of your time, old man, just to let me tell these good folks gathered here that I am candidate for their suffrage, and to lay before them some reasons why ——"

"Wait!" exclaimed the condemned man. "Wait! is that Dave Stansbury's voice I hear?"

"Yes, sure," came from the crowd.

"I thought so. Well, he can have my time. He can have all of it. But go ahead and hang me first—and let Dave talk afterwards."

19. Andy M. Strong, attorney, dropped in to see a lawyer whom he knew had raised a certain point in a case similar to one he had just received. He went in, and following preliminaries, asked his advice on a point of law. The lawyer said:

"I generally get paid for what I know."

Strong thereupon took half a dollar from his pocket, handed it to the man, and remarked:

"Tell me all you know, and give me the change."

20. Major John V. Clinnin, of Chicago, one day following an unusually hot attack on him in one of the papers fighting him in a recent campaign, went to see the editor.

"Look here!" yelled Clinnin, waving his hands high in the air. "What do you mean by printing all that stuff about me?"

"What's the matter with it?" calmly queried the editor, glancing up from his work.

"What's the matter!" heatedly cried the perturbed Clinnin. "Why, it's all a lie, and you know it."

"Well then, what are you kicking about?" smilingly responded the editor. "Suppose we had told the truth about you?"

21. Judge W. W. Bardwell, of Minneapolis, became quite provoked recently at a Swede on the witness stand.

"What's your name?" asked the Judge.

"Yon Yonson," was the reply.

"Are you married?" asked the Judge.

"Yah," came the answer.

"Whom did you marry?" asked the Judge.

"I married a woman," answered the Swede.

Judge Bardwell got hot under the collar and said, "Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anybody but a woman?"

"Yah, my sister; she married a man," answered the Swede.

22. Thomas E. Ellis runs a hotel at the hot springs at Elsinore, California. One day one of the characters of the town came into the bar room. The barkeeper took by mistake from under the bar a bottle of sulphuric acid, which he served to the man, and didn't discover his error until he had gulped it down and gone away. He instantly reported it to Ellis.

Poor Ellis didn't do much sleeping that night, and when the sun rose the next morning he looked haggard and worn. But greatly to his relief the man about whom he was worrying soon made his appearance.

"By the way, Dave," he said, now sweetly smiling, "what did you think of the new brand you got here last night?"

"Best warming stuff that I ever tasted," answered Dave, "but it had one fault. Every time that I coughed, darned if it didn't set my whiskers on fire."

23. Some men are not only clever lawyers but their cleverness crops out in other ways as well. Here is a case. Irvin Louis, of Los Angeles, lives in one of the nearby suburbs. He is a fancier of chickens and other things. Some time ago he had much trouble with a big gartersnake that robbed his hens of eggs. He never could catch it, so set his wits to work and did as follows:

He built a tight board fence around his chicken yard and saw to it that there was not a hole in it through which the snake could enter.

Then he laid a trap for the snake. He bored a hole through the fence just large enough to allow the passage of the reptile. He placed an egg on the outside of the fence and another on the inside, both close to the hole.

Along saunters Mr. Snake; encountering the first egg, it was promptly swallowed. Then the snake entering the hole spied the other egg. This he also swallowed. "Pretty soft," mused his snakeship.

But when the snake started forward, the first egg he had swallowed halted him. When he tried to back out, the second egg prevented. In the morning, Louis came out and ended his troubles.

24. Mark H. Irish, who does a big insurance business in Toronto, tells a rather good one that happened recently while trying to sell fire insurance.

"Do I understand that for five dollars I can insure my house for \$1000?" said the man, after listening to the proposition.

"Yes, sir. If your house burns down we pay you \$1000."

"And do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"We make a most careful inquiry, sir."

"Ah! I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

25. Victor B. Bouton, of Smethport, Pennsylvania, one day said, as impressively as

he could to his son, "My son, suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'd stay here; the question is, what would become of you?"

26. Frank J. Baum, the advertising man and play writer of Los Angeles, has had many experiences. Frank is clever in almost any circumstance. Once when he was on his uppers and beating it to Chicago, he picked up a stray dog of considerable intelligence. Frank soon found that the dog knew several tricks, and taught him others.

Likewise Baum is exceedingly accomplished as a ventriloquist, and often entertained the people along the way by making it appear that the dog could talk.

One day, after much hard work, he arrived at a town and went to a bar to see if he couldn't negotiate something without the use of coin. The proprietor said:

"Well, what'll you have?"

Frank replied, "I'll take a little whiskey." Then turning to the dog, he said, "And what will you have?" The answer came promptly: "I'll have a ham sandwich."

The proprietor was so surprised he almost fainted. Looking at the dog a moment, he said:

"What did you say?"

"I said, I'll take a ham sandwich," came the dog's answer.

The proprietor thought it wonderful that the dog could speak, and asked who had trained him, and how long it had taken, and wound up with:

"How much will you take for him?"

"Oh," replied Baum, "I wouldn't sell him at any price; but I am a little hard up and if you will lend me \$50 I will leave him with you as security until I bring the money back."

"All right," the man answered. "I just want him for a little while so I can show him to some people I know around here."

Everything was settled, the money paid, the dog left with the proprietor, and as Baum went out he turned and waved his hand at the dog and said:

"Well, good-bye, Jack. I'll come back soon."

The dog looked at Baum a moment, then said:

"You mean, dispicable man, to sell me for \$50 after all I've done for you! So help me Moses, I'll never speak another word as long as I live." And he didn't.

27. Arthur D. Cloud, of Chicago, who for a long time published one of the biggest railroad magazines in this country, was calling on a man in a nearby city. This man as a hobby spent much time acting as a prison missionary. Art was asked to go through the jail with him.

"We are starting a circulating library for

the use of the inmates," said his friend, addressing one of the inmates. "Is there anything in particular you'd like to make use of?"

Just then the jailer called Art's friend aside. The prisoner, thinking Art was also interested in the circulating library plan, said to him: "Why, yes; if I could only use it right, I'd like to see a railway guide."

28. Paul Stewart is still unmarried. We don't believe the following about him, though they claim there is some ground for it. He had a bad case on a fair lass. One evening after a long period of silence, he said:

"Maggie, wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Paul, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so you were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again."

"Well, what for no? I'm sure you're very welcome."

Paul, desperately, "Maggie, woman, dae ye no smell a rat?"

29. Thomas M. Crane, of Chicago, is an undertaker. One day he answered the phone. This is what was said:

"I want a box tomorrow night," said the man's voice.

"All right, sir, what size?" was Crane's reply.

"Oh, there'll be quite a party of us in it; perhaps six," he said.

"Six! I'm afraid I'll have to make it special, sir! They never come bigger than for one, you know," said Crane.

"What are you talking about? Isn't this the Majestic Theatre?" shouted the voice.

"No, sir; this is Crane, the undertaker."

30. Fletcher Bowron is one of Hearst's star reporters on his Los Angeles "Examiner." Like other reporters, he has had to make a start, which he did in a school of journalism. Part of the practical work in this school was to do reporting. Shortly after he began to report, he was hastily sent to "cover" a railroad wreck in a nearby town.

It was getting almost time for the paper to go to press and no word had come from Bowron. In desperation the dean of the school telegraphed to ask why the story was not forthcoming. Fletch replied:

"Too much excitement. Wait till things quiet down a bit."

31. Dr. Arthur M. Wright, of New York City, tells a good one on himself. One summer he went back into the country on his

vacation. While there, an epidemic broke out in the neighborhood. He was called upon to assist, which he did until so tired he couldn't hold his head up. He had just retired and fallen asleep when a neighbor aroused him, stating that a woman half a mile from there was dying of heart trouble, and he must go.

Dr. Wright got up and went to the house where the patient, a very stout woman, was in bed, breathing stentorously. He couldn't find anything wrong, but the woman was panicky.

"Cough," he ordered. She could not. Then he put his ear over her heart and said, "count slowly."

The next thing he knew, he awoke only to hear the woman counting faintly: "Ten thousand and forty-seven, ten thousand and forty-eight."

32. Arthur F. Quigley is in one of the New York banks. One day an acquaintance said:

"Say, isn't Higgle, the banker, a relative of yours?"

"Yes, he's a cousin," said Quigley, "about \$4,000,000 removed."

33. George E. Buck has a collection business in Syracuse. Every one has his experiences. Buck tells of a little "jolly" that has done wonders. Here it is:

"Sir, if you pay the enclosed, you will

oblige me; if you do not, I will oblige you to."

34. Harry A. Curtis, who handles insurance in Chicago, tells the following:

"Greenberg had taken out a policy on his stock of goods. Three hours after, it was consumed by fire. Finding no grounds upon which to refuse payment, the company sent him a check with the following letter:

"We note that your policy was issued at noon on Thursday and the fire did not take place until three o'clock the same day. Why this delay?"

35. Francis H. Boland, of Los Angeles, attorney, was called upon one day by an artist who wished him to collect a bill for work done in a church. After corresponding with the officials of the church, he learned that they had demanded an itemized statement, which had been refused. The following is the bill in detail which the artist furnished Boland in settling the account:

Correcting the Ten Commandments....	7.10
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet.....	3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter	4.18
Reguilding left wing of Guardian Angel	2.02
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheeks	3.10
Adjusting stars	2.06
Renewing Heaven	1.00
Cleaning moon10

Restoring lost souls.....	25.00
Rebordering the robes of Herod, adjusting his wig.....	2.43
Cleaning Balaam's ass and putting new shoes on him.....	5.06
Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ears.....	20.00
Putting new stone in David's sling.....	1.10
Enlarging the head of Goliath.....	1.03
Extending Saul's leg.....	2.05
Decorating Noah's Ark.....	6.50
Brightening up the flames of hell.....	.60
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son..	6.35
Putting new tail on the Devil.....	1.50
Putting silver coin over the poor box.....	.80
Doing several odd jobs for the damned	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$100.00

36. Charles F. Hartigan, colonel in the Philippine army, sees the funny side of things. It seems that he was expected to make his appearance for inspection of the post. In preparation for this, orders went flying to all parts.

"Now look out for the colonel, because he's coming to inspect the post," said the sergeant, as he marched off leaving O'Brien doing his first outpost duty.

Very full of his own importance and responsibility, O'Brien took his stand. After an hour the sergeant returned.

"Colonel been here yet?" he asked.

Receiving an answer in the negative, the sergeant went away, and returned an hour later with the same inquiry.

At last the colonel did appear, and O'Brien, in his relief at seeing some one after his long vigil, forgot all about his instructions.

"Do you know who I am?" sternly asked Colonel Hartigan, having noticed that the private had failed to salute.

"Sure, an' I don't at all!" answered the grinning recruit.

"I'm the colonel!" said Hartigan.

"Begorra, you'll catch it then!" remarked Erin's son. "The sergeant's been asking for ye twice already!"

37. Harry A Shinnick is a missionary, though young in years. He was back in Washington, D. C., after some time spent performing his duties. He had nothing to complain of at the hotel, other than that they didn't have sauces sufficiently hot for him. His forethought had made him provide himself with the same before leaving for home. He arranged with the waiter to have his own sauce served at his table. One day another guest noticed the appetizing bottle on Harry's table and asked the waiter to give him some of it.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but that is the private property of that gentleman."

Shinnick overheard the request, and having noticed the man on numerous occasions, told the waiter to hand it to him. The stranger poured some of it on his meat and then took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to Harry.

"You are a minister of the Gospel, I understand," he said.

"Yes sir," Harry replied.

"And you preach the doctrine of everlasting fire?" he ventured.

"Yes," admitted Harry.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever saw who carried samples with him."

38. Henry S. Henschen, a Chicago banker, tells this little experience: A woman came to his window one day and shoved a check through without saying a word.

"You will have to get someone to introduce you before I can cash this check for you," I said.

"Sir," she answered, haughtily, "I am here on business and not making a social call. I do not care to know you."

39. Milton E. Cornelius of Los Angeles is known as a hustler in everything he takes an interest. It is reported that when he was first graduated from the University he opened a real estate office on a tract of booming city lots. For days he sat there undisturbed looking out into the road and twiddling his thumbs. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a man heading for his door from across the boulevard. Surely he was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.

As the man stepped over the threshold Milton held the receiver of the telephone at his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter.

"That's correct," he said as the man stood before him. "Right; we will accept your \$15,000 cash tomorrow and let the \$30,000 remainder stand on a ten-year mortgage. What? Yes. I'll bring the deed around at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. Good bye."

Cornelius hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor. "Now, sir," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, I just came over," said the man, grinning, "to connect your telephone instrument to the wires."

40. Abram H. Foster is an enthusiastic "Progressive." Some of his friends of other political persuasions "kid" him a little. One day one said to another in Foster's presence:

"Is Foster on the Roosevelt band wagon?"

"It's hardly a band wagon; just a mouth organ," replied the other.

41. Ray E. Nimmo, when Prosecuting Attorney for Los Angeles, had an auto accident one day and was pinned under the car, though luckily for him without any serious harm. Hardly had it happened when a man ran up to the machine and seeing Nimmo, said:

"What's happened?"

"Get a doctor," Nimmo shouted.

"Did the train hit you?" asked the man.

"Yes, Yes; get a doctor, quick!" shouted Ray.

"Has the claim agent been here yet?" asked the man.

"No! No! Please get a doctor," pleaded Ray.

"Move over there, you," said the man, "till I lie down with you."

42. Victor O. Geoffrion of Los Angeles is an excellent musician. One day he dropped into a new music store where he was unknown and asked to be shown a violin. The dealer said, "Come this way, please."

"Yes," said the dealer, "this instrument is of historical interest; this is the identical fiddle Nero played while Rome was burning."

"Oh, that's a myth," said Geoffrion.

The dealer agreed, saying: "Yes, it is; and Myth's name was on it, but it has gotten worn off."

43. George N. Lindsey is in the New York banking world. One day while busy a stranger entered the bank and approached him.

"I want to make a deposit," he said.

Lindsey looked around cautiously and when he spoke his voice had dropped to a whisper. "Savings, commercial or political?" he asked.

44. Police Judge Thomas P. White of Los Angeles had the tables turned on him one day in court. An Irishman who was a

witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" asked Judge White.

"No, soir; I only heard it," came the reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied Judge White, sternly. "Step down."

The witness proceeded to leave the box and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

Judge White, indignant at this contempt of court, asked him sharply how he dared laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" said the Irishman.

"No, but I heard you," replied Judge White.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said the Irishman with a twinkle in his eye that caused everybody to laugh except Tom.

45. William W. Widenham sells insurance in and around Los Angeles. One day he sold fire insurance to a rancher, covering his various buildings. In time a fire destroyed one building. After investigation the insurance company decided to take advantage of the option in the contract and rebuilt the barn again for him. A short time afterwards he tried to sell him some life insurance, in favor of his wife.

"Oh, no!" he said. "You don't catch me a second time. If I'd die you would come around here and offer to get her a new husband."

46. Rev. John N. Rentfro of Austin, Texas, finds the world enjoys a joke even if on a minister. One day he was stopped by a small boy on the street, who asked him what time it was. Now the weather was nasty and wet, and he was nicely bundled up to keep his best suit from being damaged, and with it all he was in a great hurry to reach a wedding at which he was to officiate.

After considerable difficulty he unbuttoned his effects and reaching way inside he brought out his watch and told the boy it was exactly half past five.

"Well," said the boy, setting his feet for a good start, "at 'alf past six, go to hell!" and was off like a flash around the corner.

This was too much for his Reverence, and flushed and furious his watch dangling by the chain, he floundered along after him. But as he rounded the corner he ran plump into the outstretched arms of the venerable Bishop of Austin.

"Rentfro! Rentfro!" remonstrated that surprised dignitary. "Why this unseemly haste?"

Puffing, blowing, sputtering, the outraged Rentfro gasped out: "That young ragamuffian—I told him it was half past five—and he—er—told me to go to hell at half past six!"

"Oh, yes, yes," said the Bishop with a suspicion of a twinkle in his kindly eyes, "but why such haste? You've got almost an hour."

47. Every young lawyer has something

up his sleeve in the line of experience. Samuel H. Pardue, now a successful attorney, had his as well. He was defending a criminal and in doing so was making his first appearance in court.

"The unfortunate client for whom it is my privilege to appear," he said, his tongue and lips dry and thick; "the unfortunate client, Your Honor, whom I am defending—Ahem, ahem! I will repeat. Your Honor, the unfortunate man whom I here represent—I might say, this most miserable and unfortunate man."

Just then the Judge leaned forward and said in a soft and encouraging manner:

"You may proceed, sir; so far the court is with you."

48. One of the best mixers in the fraternity is George W. Dryer. He is not only popular in social life but is one of the leading spirits in and president of the University Club of Los Angeles. One evening Dryer had been invited out to a somewhat elaborate dinner, being the guest of honor. About the time the dinner was coming to a close he suddenly spoke up, saying: "I feel it coming on!"

The suddenness of his speech and manner frightened everyone.

"What has happened, Mr. Dryer?" they all asked at once.

"Why, I have had a stroke in my right leg and it is helpless," he said.

"That can't be! Impossible! You must be

mistaken," they said as they began to rise to help him.

"But it is so. I have been pinching it for the last five minutes and there is not a bit of feeling in it," said Dryer.

"Mr. Dryer," said the lady next to him as she blushed deeply, "you have been pinching my leg, not yours."

49. Judge Sidney N. Reeve of Los Angeles tells many a good story relating to his work on the bench. He tells about a character known all over the city. One day he was brought before him on a charge of larceny. After hearing the testimony of the witnesses, who stated that they had seen Pat take the goods, Judge Reeve said:

"Well, Pat, I think I shall have to judge you guilty."

"And what makes you think thot?" Pat asked.

"These two men say that they saw you do the stealing," said Sid.

"And is that the evidence?" asked Pat.

"It is," said Sid.

"Sure thin, Your Honor, everything is aisy with me thin, for begorra I can bring in two hundred min who will swear that they didn't see me do it."

50. N. Perry Moerdyke of Los Angeles was cross-examining a young woman witness one day.

"How old are you?" he asked.

The young woman hesitated.

"Don't hesitate," said Moerdyke. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."

51. George B. Bush, lawyer for the independent California oil interests, with offices in Riverside, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Sacramento and San Francisco, all in said State of California (and first "Traveling General Counsel" of the Delta Chi fraternity) is a most sociable person. One evening he was invited to supper at the home of a friend. Upon his arriving there his host excused himself to announce the arrival of a guest.

It seems that Bush's friend liked to make a splurge and this his wife knew. She told him to not mention wine, or to ask him if he would have some while at the table. To this he promised. But when the meal was well under way he said to Bush:

"Won't you have some wine, George?"

This was declined, it not being on the table.

Again and again it was urged upon George, but each time he became more firm in his refusal, and with it all showed much embarrassment.

After Bush had gone the wife took her husband to task for having mentioned wine and asked him why he hadn't stopped when she had kicked him so hard under the table every time he mentioned it.

He said: "You didn't kick me. You must have been kicking George all the time."

52. Hon. George B. Cortelyou of New York once gave a lecture on the subject of

"Fools." In introducing him the presiding officer said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We are now to listen to a lecture on "Fools" by one"—the audience broke into a roar of laughter and after it had subsided, he added, "of the most brilliant men in America."

Mr. Cortelyou then arose and, with a genial smile said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am not so great a fool as Bishop ——," another roar of laughter, after which he added, "Would have you believe."

53. Henry Wackerbarth, in the law business in Los Angeles, has the following told on him, though he will not vouch for its accuracy:

"Stella," he murmured, passionately, "I want——"

"Just look at that beautiful star," coldly replied the maid.

"There is but one star for my eyes," answered Henry.

"It's getting chilly," cried Stella, drawing her cloak about her. "Let's get inside."

But determination had come to Wackerbarth at last and, planting himself squarely in the middle of the garden path, he blurted out:

"This is the last time I shall ask you——"

"Look here, Henry," impatiently broke in the damsel, "how many times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Stella, I'm thinking this will be your last

chance. One of the other three girls I have proposed to shows signs of weakening."

54. C. Elliot Craig, attorney, is interested in various promotions and usually in a successful way. He helped promote a new town near Los Angeles. A short time ago he was asking one of the residents of the place how things were going, as he hadn't been there for many months.

"Oh, it's awful!" replied the unfortunate man. "Deadest place you ever saw. Say, you know Jones, don't you? Well, he dropped dead in front of the postoffice Sunday and they didn't find his body until Monday."

55. L. Barton Case of New York at one time belonged to a club that had as one of its rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked a question in the club rooms, which he was unable to answer himself, would have to pay a fine of \$10.

One Tuesday evening Case asked: "Why doesn't a ground squirrel leave any dirt around the top of his hole when he digs it?"

After some deliberations he was called upon to answer it himself.

"That's easy," he said. "The squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up."

"All very nice," suggested another member, "but how does he get to the bottom of the hole to dig up?"

"Well," answered Case, "that's your question."

56. Thomas A. Berkebile tells a good one referring to "precedence," which at times is carried too far. He tells of a Bishop who was entertaining a number of the clergy at his Episcopal see. The guest of honor was another Bishop. This gentleman at breakfast the next morning said to the butler:

"Why, this is a bad egg! Phew! Pah! What an atrocious odor! Really, my man, I'm surprised!"

The butler, with a serious face, examined the egg closely and said, frowning and shaking his head:

"I beg your pardon, my lord. A most regrettable thing has happened. The stupid servant has given your lordship, by mistake, a Curate's egg."

57. George L. Keefer is bald headed. Also Keefer is quite dignified and substantial in appearance. One day Keefer and some of his friends were playing golf. During a lull a photographer approached them and asked permission to take a group picture of Keefer's party. They consented. Keefer removed his cap which disclosed a thoughtful but decidedly bald head, which the exertions of the game caused to glisten in the sunlight.

"You want to look out, Mr. Keefer," said one of his friends. "You'll fog the plate."

58. Oscar B. Clark of Lincoln met his Waterloo one day when he tried to be sympathetic with a youngster.

"What's the trouble, little girl?" he asked.

"Boo, boo, booh. I've lost my nickel," she sobbed.

"Clark felt sorry for her and promptly reached down into his pocket and produced a nickel, which he offered her with a comforting smile.

"Well, never mind," said Clark, soothingly, "here's your nickel; now stop crying."

She clutched the coin and glaring at him with scornful, flashing eyes, said:

"Oh, you wicked man. You had my nickel all the time."

59. Ira F. Thompson, a rising young attorney, was examining three witnesses in a somewhat complex case. One was a Scotchman, one an Englishman and the third an Irishman.

Thompson said to the Scotchman: "Where did you get the cow?" To which the Scotchman replied:

"I have had it since it was a calf."

To a like question to the Englishman about the horse he was answered:

"I have had it since it was a foal."

In asking the Irishman where he got his cart he received this reply:

"Sure, Your Honor, I have had that ould cart since it was a wheelbarrow."

60. Frank A. Paul of Seattle had an Irishman working for him who was always gambling. One day he came home with a

raffle ticket entitling him to a chance on a horse and sleigh.

"We'll be drivin' out through the park tomorrow loike the big guns, Mary," he announced with pride to his wife.

"Oh, pop, won't that be fine!" chimed in his little son. "You and me can ride in the front seat an' mon' an' little Johanna can sit in the back."

"Ye'll be after doing no sich thing," asserted the old man. "'Twill be the back seat for you, me lad. Yer mother will be on the front wid me."

"I will so," whined the youngster. "I will be ridin' on the front."

The old man then assumed a stern parental air and took his pipe from his mouth to deliver his final decision.

"Ye'll not, I tell ye," he said, with emphasis, "I'll be havin' no back talk from ye, I tell ye that. Git off the sleigh at once, ye spalpeen."

61. Edward W. Todd of Pasadena has an orange grove on two sides of the street. For some reason the boys seem to delight in taking his unusually good oranges. One day, looking from one orchard to the other, he noticed a small boy slide down a tree, at the same time uttering a warning to another boy still up in the tree. Todd reached the tree in record time.

"I've got you this time!" he roared to the boy, almost hidden among the leaves. "Come down."

Getting no answer, and not being in a

hurry, he sat down and waited. Time passed and still he waited, until a servant came from the house with a note that had just been dropped into his letter box. Todd did not wait after he read the following:

"Some people 'as oranges, some 'as sense. You bin wotchin a pair of trowsers stuffed with straw, and we been gettin' your oranges from the other orchard. Great victory for sense."

62. Harry L. Dearing is an attorney. One day he came into his office limping.

"Corn?" he was asked, sympathetically.

"Nope—accident," he answered as one who doesn't care to talk about something. But soon he admitted the truth for he said:

"I was riding through the park Monday and I was riding along and riding along not thinking of anything in particular, and my foot slipped out of the stirrup."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, the darned horse stepped on it!"

63. Byron C. Hanna, former chief deputy District Attorney for Los Angeles County, tells one that happened in a home he was visiting.

It seems that the fifteen-year-old boy was developing the habit of swearing because he heard his father do it. The mother and father objected to his doing so. To prevent it a rule was established that after a certain date a fine of two cents for each case would be made. Owing to the fact that the family

were good Universalists, exception was made to the words "devil" and "hell," the fine for these being but one cent.

The first night's settlement found the father owing two cents and the boy five cents, but no one had any pennies. The son refused to pay his unless the father did likewise. Finally, when all hope of an adjustment had passed, the son spoke up and said:

"Say, dad, be a sport. Go to it; make it even five cents—you can get two damns and a hell for a nickel."

64. Max Brown, an attorney of San Diego, was one day examining a young doctor whom he thought to fuss on account of his youth.

"Are you," he demanded, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Then," continued Brown, "I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. William A. Sherwin, associate counsel in this case, and I to bang our heads together, would we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Sherwin might," smiled the youthful physician.

65. One day a tramp called at the home of Andy Rose and said:

"Mr. Rose, I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people say you are very kind to the poor and unfortunate like me."

"Indeed," said Rose. "And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes sir," replied the tramp.

"Well, then," said Rose, "just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning."

66. We would never believe it now, but they tell the following on Harry M. Wier, the Los Angeles law book man. Apparently Harry had been enjoying himself in some far away country, and had just returned home.

"Well, guv'nor, I've come back. Are you going to kill the fatted calf?" said Harry.

But the old gentleman was a match for him.

"No, my son; I think I'll let you live," he said.

67. Upon his arrival at Phoenix, Warren C. Schermerhorn invested in a cow. Outdoor life for him, he said. The following is an extract from one of his letters, on the subject of his experiences while there:

"The other night I went out to feed the cow after dark, and by mistake mixed up a nice mash, in a full box of sawdust instead of bran. The cow, merely supposing that hard times had come and that I was going to economize all along the line, meekly ate her supper and I never discovered my mistake until the next morning. When I milked the cow she let down a gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe pegs and a bundle of lath."

68. One day J. "Shep" Mitchell of Los Angeles was called on by a Chinaman, who said:

"You Mr. Micell, the big lawyerman?"

"Yes," replied "Shep," a little puffed up.

"How much you charde to 'fend Chinaman?" came the question.

"For what crime?" asked "Shep."

"Mlurder," came the Chink's answer.

"Five hundred dollars," announced Mr. Mitchell.

The Chinaman said he would call again. A few days later he returned to Mitchell's office, gravely placed \$500 in gold on the desk before the astonished "Shep," and said:

"All lite. I kill 'im."

And "Shep" got an acquittal.

69. Raymond E. Hodge, Deputy District Attorney of San Bernardino, when in practice for himself, had a very accurate man for a client. One day this client said to Hodge, in a very serious manner:

"I can tell you how much water goes over Niagara Falls to a quart."

Hodge bit, for he said: "How much?"

"Two pints," came the valued information.

70. Ivey Marshall of Los Angeles is one of those "Certified Accountants," whatever that may be. But one day finding himself in need of an assistant bookkeeper for a wholesale house he dictated an advertisement for the paper, stating that he wished

one about 22 years of age. Through a typographical error it was made to read "202 years of age." In spite of this error he received numerous replies, one of which follows:

"Dear Sir: Your ad. in tonight's Express interests me (it would anyone but a dead one).

"Knowing how delightful the work in a wholesale house is, the princely salaries, short hours and entrancing environments (I've known rich wholesalers to allow themselves to be pried out of as high as \$4.85 a week for a good assistant bookkeeper, and then only require eighteen hours' work at a stretch), I immediately set this application in motion.

"My name is Touchmenot Oskosh, and I am some chicken when it comes to addin' up figgers. I was born in Slumberville, Kentucky, June 3, 1710, and father started in figgerin' the first day as to how in darnation he was going to feed me and clothe me and bring me up to be a real honest-to-goodness assistant bookkeeper.

"I remember when DeSoto discovered the Mississippi, and the Boston Tea Party, and I used to call General Washington 'Gawge.'

"Although I am not just exactly 202 years of age, the fact that I am ten days over will not, I trust, keep me from the position. I'm proud as a dollar, eyesight perfect, eat three squares a day, and have chawed Horseshoe tobaccor all my life.

"Ge, I'd give all the money in the world if you'd make me an assistant bookeeper in a wholesale office.

"I'm rapid, all right, too, especially with a highball or two tucked under my belt, and when it comes to accuracy, old Buffalo Bill with his six-shooter is a mere child by comparison.

"I tell you that it ain't these young buccos that's making the world move. It's the assistant bookkeepers 202 years old and Roosevelt and big hearted wholesalers and sech that do things.

"I had a chance to be a bank cashier, but there's nothing doing for me if I can get that assistant bookkeeping job. Me for figgers, every time.

"All I ask is that I be given a vacation on my 206th birthday, and that if some crazy auto driver happens to drive over me and kills me dead, that you send word to my old mother, who is 906 years old on the 10th of the coming month. Don't write. Takes too gosh darned long. Wire me. Yours,

"TOUCHMENOT."

71. Hubert D. Hoover is a rattling good lawyer, but not strong on outdoor exercise. He has a garden at his home in Glendale, California, where the following incident is said to have taken place: His wife asked him to go into the garden and dig some potatoes. He agreed and went to work for a few moments.

"See what I've found," he said as he came into the kitchen and began washing something. "It's a coin!"

After putting it into his pocket he again went to work in the garden. Presently he

was back again and washing something more. This time it was a larger coin.

Putting it into his pocket he said: "I've worked pretty hard; I'll take a short nap."

When he awoke he found that his wife had dug the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. Shortly it dawned on her how nicely she had been fooled.

72. Major George C. Thorpe of Washington, D. C., and a member of the Marine Corps, was in charge of a vessel in the Spanish war. He was giving orders:

"Do you see that captain on the bridge five miles away?" he said.

"Aye, aye, aye, sir," came the reply.

"Let him have a twelve-inch shell in the eye!" he ordered.

"Which eye, sir? Which eye?" came the query.

73. Tom Banning, Jr., a well known Chicago patent lawyer, one evening at a somewhat late hour decided to drop in and see a show. But one seat remained and that was off at one side. Ahead of him sat a large woman who had her hat on, which prevented his seeing the stage. Tom leaned forward and politely asked her to remove her hat as it prevented his seeing the show.

A stiffening of the head was her only reply.

After a minute Tom repeated his request. Suddenly she turned and said:

"There is no demand for my doing so."

"No demand!" Tom ejaculated. But by

this time he was getting thoroughly wrought up. He rolled his overcoat into a bundle, placed it on his seat and put his own hat on his head. In an instant there was a cry of:

"Take it off! Take it off!"

With a swift movement the woman removed her hat—and so did Tom.

74. George W. Olvaney, for a long time First Deputy Fire Commissioner of New York City, was walking along the street one day when he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way, rang the bell and waited, he thought a long, long time. Finally the door opened and a woman who proved to be deaf appeared.

"Madam, the house is on fire," he shouted, hurriedly to her.

"What did you say?" she inquired.

Olvaney began dancing up and down and pointing above, he said: "I said, your house is afire; flames bursting out; no time to lose."

"What did you say?" again came the exasperating question.

"House afire; quick!" again shouted Olvaney, now trying to gain an entrance through the chained door.

The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said, sweetly.

"Well," replied Olvaney, hopelessly, "that is all I can think of just now."

75. Thomas H. Reed, professor of the chair of Political Science at Berkeley, was recently visiting some friends in the east.

His stay covered some time in their little village. During the evenings he would at times drop into the corner grocery store to hear the local news. To the natives he became known as the "Professor." One night a newcomer from a nearby place dropped in. He had heard of the "Professor." Stepping up to him he said:

"Be you the Professor?"

"Yes," said Reed. "I am he."

"Do you pretend to know everything?" was the next query.

"No," said Professor Reed, "I don't know everything."

Then thinking he would jolly the Rube a little he said: "But I am supposed to know quite a good deal; that is why I hold my position."

"Well," said the Rube, "since you've studied so much and learned so much, maybe you could tell me whether a man diggin' clams is pursuin' agriculture or fishin'?"

76. "How was your speech received at the club?" was asked of Joseph Hartigan, who, by the way, was the founder of the Democratic College Clubs in New York City.

"Why, they congratulated me very heartily. In fact, one of them came to me and told me that when I sat down he had said to himself, it was the best thing I had ever done."

77. Roger F. Steffans of Cleveland was as usual successful in settling a damage suit for an Irishman who had been nearly killed

by a falling brick. Pat was at the hospital and Steffans was ready to tell him the news of having made a settlement. He informed him and said:

"I have here for you \$25.00, the amount coming to you."

Pat took it, looked at Steffans and said:

"How much did you make them pay?"

"With costs on both sides, \$1,000," Steffans replied.

"One thousand dollars, and you give me only \$25! Bejabbers! who got hit with the brick—you or me?"

78. At a recent political convention in Chicago the speakers and audience were much annoyed by a man constantly calling out, "Mr. McGurren! McGurren! McGurren! McGurren! I call for Mr. McGurren!" After several interruptions of this kind during the various speeches, a young man ascended the platform and began an eloquent and impassioned speech in which he handled the questions of the hour with easy familiarity. He was in the midst of a glowing period when suddenly the old cry echoed through the hall: "Mr. McGurren! McGurren! McGurren!"

With a word to the speaker the chairman stepped to the front of the platform and remarked, that it would oblige the audience very much if the gentleman in the rear of the hall would refrain from further calls for Mr. McGurren, as that gentleman was then addressing the meeting.

"McGurren? Is that Mr. McGurren?"

came in astonished tones from the rear. "Thunder! That can't be him. Why, that's the young man that asked me to call for Mr. McGurren!"

79. W. K. Jackson, Jr., Attorney General of the Panama Canal Zone, like most lawyers, started at the bottom. One time when business was slack he thought he would step down to the drug store a minute. On the door he placed the following notice on a card:

"Will be back in fifteen minutes. Gone ten already."

80. The Hon. J. B. Moon of Virginia, once during a cross-examination of a witness, asked him where his father was, to which the man replied in a melancholy manner:

"Dead, sir; dropped off very suddenly."

"How came he to drop off so suddenly?" asked Mr. Moon, somewhat touched.

"Foul play, sir," came the reply. "The Sheriff imposed upon his unconscious nature and, getting him to go up on a platform to look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door out from under him."

81. Raymond J. Burns, son of the famous detective, is secretary and treasurer of the W. J. Burns Detective Agency at their Chicago office. He has the following told on him. Once a very valuable negotiable paper was lost by an express company. He

was sent to locate it. It was traced to what was considered the only likely place—that of a well known fence. So certain was Burns that it was there that he considered it as found.

The room was a dingy, ill lighted one, and Burns ordered the suspected man to get him a candle to aid in the search. The man complied and stood near while Burns and his men made the search. But they couldn't find the paper, even after tearing up the rugs and examining every crack and crevice, and finally searching the crook and cutting his clothes and shoes. The candle at last almost burned out, when he gave it back to the man and said:

"I'm licked. Now if you'll tell me where the paper is I won't arrest you or say anything about where I got it."

"All right—you've got it in your hand," said the man, promptly.

And it was, having been wrapped around the candle in place of a candlestick.

82. Ex-Governor Claude A. Swanson of Virginia was one day traveling to Washington. His mind was occupied and he did not wish to be troubled by the talk of strangers. Finally one approached him and sat down and said:

"Did you hear the latest thing about Woodrow Wilson?"

"Wilson? Wilson?" said ex-Governor Swanson. "Wilson? Who is he?"

The man was quiet for about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"William Bryan is kicking up quite a row with the European nations. Do you think it will result in any serious trouble?"

"Bryan? Bryan? William Bryan?" said ex-Governor Swanson. "I never heard of Bryan."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for about fifteen minutes.

"What do you think of Roosevelt's chances for the Presidency? Do you think he will run again?" at last the man asked.

"Roosevelt? Roosevelt? Hang it, man," said Swanson, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever heard of!"

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said:

"Say, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Governor Swanson looked up and said:

"Adam? Adam? What was his other name?"

83. Joseph Grondahl of San Francisco has a big jewelry business that he runs from an office, not a store, and entirely through soliciting. Joe, prior to going into this line, had a little experience with a stock of jewelry he made his first venture with. He had bought a stock at a very low figure and decided to auction it off. Now Grondahl is no second rater so he did it himself. He was trying at this specific instance to auction off an ornamental clock. He had run the bidding up to \$3 when he saw a small man in the back of the place nod when he asked who would bid \$3.50.

"Three and a half I have—who'll make it four?"

Again the man nodded.

"Four—four—who'll make it four-fifty?"

Another nod.

"Four and a half—four and a half—who'll make it five?"

Again the man was seen to nod.

"Sold—to the man in the brown suit," said Joe.

"But," protested the man, "I didn't bid on it!"

"Then why did you keep nodding your head?" growled the now exasperated Gron-dahl.

"I couldn't help it, sir," came the apologetic reply. "I had the hiccoughs."

84. Edward C. Nettels, Traffic Manager of the Postum Cereal Company of Battle Creek, had a little experience when once he was helping a grocer fill his orders. Nettels had been stranded in town for a couple of days by a blockade on the railroad. It seems that he made a mistake in filling an order for the grocer and didn't notice it until the next morning. When he found it out he hurried out to hunt up the woman.

"I—I'm sorry to say there's been a slight mistake, Madam," he panted. "You ordered two pounds of cereal yesterday and by mistake I put up some sawdust that the grapes were packed in."

"Oh!" replied the woman. "Then I reckon my husband must have got through about a pound of the wood for breakfast."

"Y—you don't mean to say that he ate it!" gasped Nettels.

"Course 'e did," she answered.

The lady then leaned back and for three minutes indulged herself in a long and loud laugh that brought her neighbors to the scene.

"Well, that's right down funny," she observed, with a laugh.

"Funny!" queried Nettels, now thoroughly frightened.

"Yes, funny! Here we've been married thirteen years and Charles has never paid me a compliment till this morning at breakfast, when blessed if he didn't pass his plate for another dish of 'sawdust' and told me it reminded him of the porridge his mother used to make."

85. C. P. Pierce of Key West tried to send a pair of trousers by book post, which is cheaper than parcel post. The postal officials wrote him: "Clothes can not be sent by book post. If you will refer to the Post-office Guide you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by book post."

Shortly after Pierce replied: "I have looked in the Postoffice Guide and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by book post. And if trousers are not open at both ends I should like to know what is."

86. Arthur M. Harris of Seattle, author of the famed "Letters of a Young Lawyer,"

met with a somewhat unusual experience. In one of the large libraries of this country it was found that every morning certain books on a particular shelf were always found on the floor. Finally the janitor was called upon to explain why these books were always on the floor each morning. He insisted that they were in their place every evening when he cleaned up in that place and could not explain why it should happen.

Finally the Librarian decided to remain down all night and solve the problem. He discovered that it was a certain works entitled, "Failures of a Young Lawyer," that were always on the floor. When he reported the peculiar incident of its being the same set each time, he was asked why it was always this set of books.

"Well, you see, someone by mistake had been placing these books on the shelf beside Harris' works, entitled, "Letters of a Young Lawyer," and the "Letters of a Young Lawyer" being of a somewhat superior class, simply refused to be found in such company."

87. Judge George E. Morris of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, had an interesting incident among his experiences as prosecuting attorney. It seems that Terrance Murphey was accused of selling liquor illicitly and Judge Morris was trying to get Pat, a driver, to admit that he had delivered liquor to the defendant. Pat stated that he had once delivered freight to Murphey, and that part of the freight was in a

barrel, but when asked what the barrel contained he said he didn't know.

"Don't you know? Wasn't the barrel marked?" asked Morris.

"Yis sir," was Pat's only reply.

"Then how dare you tell the court you don't know what was in it?" came the quick question of Morris.

"Because, sir, the barrel was marked 'Terrance Murphey' on one end and 'Bourbon Whiskey' on the other. How the devil did I know which was in it?"

88. Edward W. Allen, Assistant Attorney General for the State of Washington, came home one evening from a big dinner with a broad smile all over his face.

"Yes, dear," he said in answer to her anxious query. "The dinner was most pleasant and my speech was the success of the evening."

"What did you say, darling?" she asked.

"Oh, well, I can't remember exactly, you know. But until I spoke all the speeches had fallen flat, so I thought I would give them a little humor. And I succeeded, too! I had hardly said more than six words when there was a pleased giggle round the huge table. In a few minutes I had them all rolling about with laughter, and when at last I sat down the applause was tremendous—tremendous!"

And at this point Allen removed his overcoat.

"I am glad that your speech was such a success, dear," answered his wife, dutifully.

"But next time you have to speak in public would it not be a better plan to put a waist-coat under your dress coat, especially when you wear a dickey?"

89. De Witt M. Evans, Justice of the Peace at Tacoma, was hearing a case one day when the attorney said:

"Your Honor, this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that everyone wants to rob him. He won't allow even me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe," said Judge Evans, "he's not so crazy after all."

90. Edmund N. Keenan of Seattle was riding in his auto with a young lady when she asked him to let her run the car. He reluctantly acquiesced and his fears soon materialized for she shouted:

"Oh, Edmund, take it quick! Here comes a ditch!"

91. William P. Kelley, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney of Los Angeles, had a little experience worth relating. It seemed that before he became wise through his experiences in the prosecuting attorney's office that he once went to a quack doctor for treatment. He stated to the quack that he had a sharp pain internally and that it might be caused by his sucking the point of a pencil. The quack quickly told him that he was suffering from lead poisoning and gave

him some pills which he said would cure him.

The next day Kelley came back in a very angry mood and said:

"A friend of mine has examined the pills you gave me and they are only bread."

"Of course they are," was the bland reply. "Don't yon know that bread is the finest thing in the world to remove pencil marks? You didn't want me to give you india rubber pills, did you?"

92. Charles H. Tribit, Jr., was once trying to hire an Irishman for general work. One finally came who looked likely.

"I will hire you at once," he said, hastily sizing up the applicant, "if you think you can fill the bill. What I want is a man who can cook, scrub a little, drive a car, look after the team of horses, feed the chickens, work in the garden, do a little painting and paper hanging——"

"Please excuse me, sor," interrupted Pat. "What kind of soil have yez around here?"

"Soil?" was Tribit's wondering rejoinder. "What in the deuce has that got to do with it?"

"Sure an' a whole lot, sor," answered Pat. "If yez have any clay around here Oi might put in me spart toime with the makin' av bricks."

93. Stannard A. McNeil, a Los Angeles attorney, was one day in a bad mix-up. He had lost his hat, and flushed and breathless

he had at last succeeded in getting it after a long chase. With a sigh of relief he leaned against a lighting post, trying to recover some of his lost energies. Just then another man, also breathless, came running up and taking the hat from McNeil's hand, remarked:

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

"For what?" came Stannard's surprised reply.

"Well, this is my hat," said the stranger, smiling.

"Your hat! Then where in the dickens is mine?" gasped Mac.

"Oh, yours is hanging behind you at the end of the string."

94. C. Foster Cable one day got into an argument with an Irishman over the nationality of certain politicians.

"I say," said Cable, "he's a Frenchman because he was born in France."

"Not at all," said the Irishman. "Begorra, if a cat had kittens in an oven would you call them biscuits?"

95. D. E. Carlton of Tampa belongs to a church where a gentle minister recently accepted a call. Carlton has a fast horse, and sometimes races him. One day he went to the new minister and asked him to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. Willingly and gladly he did it for three Sundays. On the fourth Sunday one of the deacons told him he need not ask the prayers of the congregation any more for Lucy Grey.

"Why," said the good man with an anxious look, "is she dead?"

"Oh, no," said the deacon, "she's won the steeplechase."

96. Walter Shelton of San Francisco asked his butcher one morning what kind of meat he could recommend. The butcher said:

"The best steak we ever had, sir. Here you are, sir; as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

"I'll take sausage," said Shelton.

97. One day L. V. Repke, while talking with a friend about paintings, said he had to give up painting dogs. What was the trouble, he was asked.

"Oh, you see, I did them so lifelike that the neighbors complained of fleas. Besides, another one had to be muzzled to keep him from biting those who came into the studio," said he.

"But what was worse," said Repke, "was that I had a deuce of a time over a portrait of a New York millionaire that had just been completed. It was so lifelike that it had to be shaved twice a week.

"But worse than that was a time I had completing a painting of some grapes and a vine. Before the thing was finished the birds came and ate the grapes while perched on the vine.

"At a later time on completing a polar scene, my servant placed a thermometer close to it, when I found that the bulb had bursted

on account of the mercury going so low the thermometer could not register any more.

"But worst of all, this selfsame servant had an attack of nerves from trying to sweep down some cobwebs that I had painted on the ceiling."

98. One time Rev. Robert Davis of Englewood, N. J., was holding revival services. In all such meetings there are touches of humor. He was asking three children whom he had converted various questions.

"Now, my little man, tell me what you have to be thankful for," he said, addressing the son of a well-to-do family.

"I am thankful for my father and mother, who are so nice," he said.

"Now, my little lady, tell me what it is that you have to be thankful for," he said, addressing the daughter of a well-to-do family.

"I am thankful for my nice dollies and other things," she said.

"And my little man," he said, addressing a boy who stuttered, had a cleft palate, was red-headed and freckled and who came from a poor family, "what have you to be thankful for?"

"I hain't got nutin' to be thankful to the Lord for. He durned near ruined me."

99. Joseph E. Fleitz of Wilkes-Barre once was defending an Irishman who had stolen a pig. In court the judge leaned forward

and asked Patrick what he had done with the pig.

"Killed it and ate it, Your Honor," answered Patrick.

"Well, now, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow Maloney and her pig on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" asked the Judge.

"Did you say the pig would be there, Your Honor?" asked Patrick.

"Most certainly I did," replied the Judge.

"Well, then, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.' "

100. A. Frank John of Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania, one time when walking with a friend, said to him:

"You see that beggar approaching? Watch me make him look small."

When the beggar stopped them he listened attentively to what he said and after finishing, John said:

"That's the same old story you told me last week."

"Is it?" queried the beggar. "Perhaps I did, perhaps I did," he admitted, "but I'd quite forgotten meeting you for the moment. I was in jail last week and there were such a lot of us there I didn't remember you, you see."

101. They tell this one on Walter L. Viereggs, but we will not vouch for it. Walter had a bad case on a certain young lady

in his early days, but was extremely bashful. This began to tell on the young lady, so one evening when he arrived as usual she noticed a rose pinned in his lapel. She spoke about it and said:

"I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A crimson flush came over Vieregg's face, but the exchange was made eventually. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked, in surprised tones.

"To—to the—er—florists for more roses," he finally said as he rushed past her and out the front door.

102. James F. Martin of New Haven got into a street car one day and placed under his seat a basket he was carrying. Shortly afterwards a young lady with a dog fastened by a silver chain sat down beside him, placing the dog on the floor between her feet. Soon she began to get nervous and shortly said in a shrill voice:

"Bruno, stop it!"

Presently she turned pale and jerking the chain, cried: "Lie down, Bruno, and behave yourself!" A moment later she jumped up and began to do a solo dance.

Martin stared at her in astonishment. Then an idea struck him and stooping over he looked into his basket. Recovering himself with a great effort he finally said:

"Madam, when you are through with my lobster, will you kindly return it to me?"

It took smelling salts to bring her to her-

self again, but Bruno was vindicated and Martin got his lobster again.

103. Alex S. Carlson of Syracuse, once served on a jury. After the jury had retired and the matter was under discussion one of the men addressed Carlson and said:

"If I understand the matter right the plaintiff doesn't ask damages for blighted affections or anything of that sort, but only wants to get back what he spent on presents, pleasure and trips and so forth."

"That is so," said Carlson.

"Well, then, I vote we give him back his money," came the reply of the man addressing Carlson. But Carlson had other ideas and said:

"I am not in favor of giving him a penny. If all the fun he had with that girl don't cover the amount he spent it must have been his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself, so I know."

104. A. T. Bryson of Lexington, Kentucky, once fell into a state of coma, but fortunately awakened before his friends buried him. The excitement was intense. One of his friends asked him how it felt to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. And I knew I wasn't dead, because my feet were cold, and I was hungry."

"But how did that make you sure?" they asked.

"Well," he said, "I knew that if I were in Heaven I shouldn't be hungry, and if I was in Hell, my feet would not have been cold."

105. They tell the following on W. L. Eubanks of Lexington. It seemed that he had met a young lady and had asked her to permit him to call upon her. This she did and upon his arriving at her home was seated in the parlor awaiting her coming. Instead of the young lady her mother came in, and in a very grave, stern voice asked him what his intentions were.

Greatly confused he turned red and began to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called from the head of the stairs and said:

"Mamma, mamma, that is not the one!"

106. L. S. Pinkney of Marlin, Texas, was one day asked by a friend how his football team had come out in a recent game.

"Rotten!" he said. "It has been beaten by everything on the map except the Colonial Dames."

107. Leslie P. Grant of Stamford, N. Y., one vacation worked in a dry goods store for a peculiar old Scotchman, who was strong on the Bible. Whenever one of his employees did something that he thought a little questionable, he made him justify his act by a quotation from the Bible, or else leave the place.

One day a woman called to purchase a piece of dress goods, and after looking at nearly every piece of material in the place, he said that he had a better piece of goods in the back of the store. Away he went and upon his return showed her a piece of goods she had already looked at. He spoke of the superiority of this piece over anything else she had seen, and stated that it was worth fifty cents more a yard. She said she could readily see it, and ordered liberally of it.

The transaction finally reached the ears of his employer, who informed Grant that he must find a Bible quotation to justify his act.

"How is this?" he said: "She was a stranger, and I took her in."

108. George A. Grover of Toronto was one day passing a group of boys in a circle with a dog in the center. He stopped and asked them what they were doing to the dog.

"Whoever tells the biggest lie wins him," a kid informed him.

"I am surprised at you boys, for when I was your age I never told a lie," replied Grover.

There was a silence for a moment, then one of the little fellows spoke up and said: "Give him the dog."

109. Judge Patrick Keeler of Brooklyn one evening had as his guests a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi. Both guests were witty and full of fun. During the evening

the priest leaned towards the rabbi and said:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelley," came the quick reply.

110. One day a somewhat critical attorney who had been beaten by Wm. L. Belknap of Bridgeport, Conn., asked him:

"Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," Belknap replied. "What have you been up to now?"

111. F. W. McKowne of Buffalo one time was being shown through an insane asylum. In one ward he noticed an unusually bright appearing fellow playing billiards alone. Thinking he might help the fellow enjoy the game, he offered to play, giving him odds of 40 to 100. This was done, but the inmate beat him by a big margin. As he started to leave the inmate spoke up and said:

"If you go about giving odds like that they'll have you in here with me." That's why McKowne takes no chances now.

112. H. P. Hostetter of Mt. Carroll, Illinois, tells about a discussion that a party of men he was with got into one time. The question of who the greatest inventor was was being discussed. One said Edison, another Watt, another Morse and so forth, when

the only Jew in the party spoke up and said:
"Vell, chentlemen, dose was great mens,
but I tells you dot man wat invented interest
was no slouch."

113. James J. Trickey of Iowa Falls once dropped into a country church to listen to the preacher. In a burst of passionate eloquence in denunciation of the world's wickedness he declared:

"Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, and peek-aboo waists!"

This was too much for Trickey, who shouted out loud: "Oh, Death! where is thy sting!"

114. Sam Charlson of Lake Mills, Iowa, was once asked to say a few words to a country Sunday school. In introducing him the superintendent said:

"This, children, is Mr. Charlson from Lake Mills. Children, he has come all the way to try to lift your souls from hell. You are not paying attention. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me where this gentleman is from?"

"From hell," came a chorus of voices.

115. Samuel P. Coy opened a law office in San Bernardino. He was fortunate in his business and incidentally invested in an office boy. Almost the first thing Coy told him to do was to tell a certain party if he called that he had gone to Europe. Soon after this the boy reported to Coy that Mr.

Stewart had called that morning.

"Did you tell him I had gone to Europe, as I told you to do, Edward?"

"Yes sir," answered Edward. "I told him you started this morning."

"That's a good boy. What did he say, Edward, to that?"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back," replied Edward, "and I told him after lunch."

116. Recently when Pierson W. Banning was in New York City, he got into a Fifth avenue bus one day. Across from him sat George Cohan and Eddie Foy, though he did not at first notice nor recognize them.

Foy said to Cohan: "Who is that fat, loudly dressed man that just came in, with the seal ring and diamonds on him? I don't like that fellow's looks and I'm going to make him get off the bus before we reach Madison Square."

"All right, Eddie," said Cohan, calmly.

Foy fixed his gaze on Banning's fat hands and a change came over his face. His eyes became dull and staring. His jaw hung slack and loose.

"Me want ring!" he shouted, suddenly, and he pointed to Banning's hands, and at the same time jumped up and down in his seat and waggled his elbows up and down in the air, just like a baby. "Ring! Me want ring!"

Cohan took the cue at once: "Hide your hands," he said, quickly to Banning. "Your rings bother him."

Banning frowned uneasily but would not hide his hands.

"Ring! Ring! Me want ring!" repeated Foy, and Cohan as he strove to hold his friend still, said:

"Don't give him a ring!"

"Huh! I guess I won't!" growled Banning. "Give him a ring, indeed!" and he looked at his hands complacently.

Foy's eyes were now shining. His face was red and contorted. He hopped up and down and wagged his arms more vehemently than ever. "Me want ring!" he roared. "Ring! Ring! Ring!"

"For heaven's sake," said Cohan, "hide your hands, man. Don't you see you're bringing on a spell? Hide your hands or by heavens I won't be responsible for the consequences."

A little pale by now, Banning reluctantly put both his hands behind his back. "This is the limit," he said, appealing to the other passengers. "Idiots riding in omnibuses! Isn't that the limit, friends?"

But Foy leaped to his feet. "Ring!" he roared, and he leaned on Banning's shoulders. "Give me ring!"

Cohan now seemed to lose all patience. "Oh, hang it," he said, "give him a ring or two and let us have some peace. Can't you see I've lost my power over him?"

But Banning, tearing his pudgy hands from the persistent Foy's grasp, rose and ran full tilt for the door.

"Conductor, stop!" he shouted.

And he leaped off two blocks before Madison Square was reached.

116. One evening the Chicago Kent Chapter of the Delta Chi fraternity was having an initiation in one of the halls used for that purpose by a number of fraternities. During the course of the evening someone looking for the meeting place of the I Phelta Thi fraternity, came to the door by mistake, and rapped long and loud. Finally the wicket was opened and a face appeared on the inside. Promptly the man gave the pass words of the I Phelta Thi's: "I plow; I spade; I hoe."

The man on the inside of the door gazed through the wicket for a moment in blank amazement. Then he slowly ejaculated: "The devil you do!"

The I Phelta Thi man wandered back to the hotel in anything but a happy frame of mind. It required about half an hour to convince himself that he had stumbled into the wrong fraternity. The next morning he met several of the men of his fraternity and told his experience.

They were alarmed. "Why, man, what have you done! Don't you see you have given away our pass words!" they cried.

"Never mind," he replied, "I found out theirs."



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